Ag^t ye Whiggs

Advice to the Q--n.

12. May. 1710.

O *Anna*! Think, thou poor unhappy Queen,
How thou'rt set round by a vile Brood of Men!
Rebels to Monarchy, sworn Foes to God,
Serpents and Vipers that wou'd drink thy Blood.
Whose Principles took off thy Grandfire's Head,
And from whose Rage thy unhappy Father fled;
Forc'd in a Foreign Land to beg his Bread.
And can'st thou warm these Snakes within thy Breast?
Are they alone to be with Favours blest?
Sure thou forget'st the former Hate they show'd
To thee thy Self, as well as all thy Blood.
With what Derision they thy Person scorn'd!
How with thy Name their Satyrs were adorn'd!
Or dost thou vainly think, by Acts of Love,
The Hearts of these, thy Enemies, to move?
Ah! Thou mistak'st, they're ne're to be oblig'd,
Sun-shine do's only give their Slings an Edge.
This fatal Truth thy Royal Uncle found,
Who all their Hopes with highest Favours crown'd;
Forgave their Punishment, to Law they ow'd,
And in a thousand ways his Mercy show'd;
Yet all in vain; still with obdurate Hate,
And restless Malice, they Embroil'd his State:
Strove by unheard of Plots his Life to gain,
And with Eternal Discord fill'd his Reign.
Awake then, *Anna*, and Exert the Qu---,
Show 'em thou'rt fit to be a Sovereign.
Discard the impious Race, whose Threats defie
Thy mimick Power, and mock thy M---y:
Who thy Hereditary Right dethrone,
And make thee a meer Poppet of their own,
At Will to be set up, or taken down.
Who to Dispute thy Lawful Orders dare,
And judge for thee, who shall thy Favours share.
Not so they dar'd, when Great *Eliza*'s Hand
The Scepter of these Kingdoms did Command:
If her just Will a Subject disobey'd,
She bravely struck the Rebel Traytor dead.
Oh! that thou would'st her glorious Footsteps tread,
Then might'st thou save thy now devoted H---.
Love, Mercy, Goodness, Piety, are thine,
Thou wants but Courage, and thou'rt all Divine:
Fear not! whole Myriads in thy Cause will join.

O